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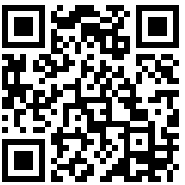

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MAMMA'S

BLACK NURSE STORIES

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"A land
In which it seemèd always afternoon.
. . . . . .
A land of streams! some like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumb'rous sheet of foam below.
. . . . . .
. . . . Thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale:
A land where all things always seem'd the same!"

—TENNYSON, 'The Lotos-Eaters.

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THE "GREAT HOUSE"—ON A PENN.

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MAMMA'S

BLACK NURSE STORIES

BY

MARY PAMELA MENNELL

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
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MAMMA'S

BLACK NURSE STORIES

WEST INDIAN FOLK-LORE

BY

MARY PAMELA MILNE-HOME

WITH SIX FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCXC

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~~420F85~~

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JT

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TO

MY FATHER

CHARLES D. C. ELLIS

OF FORT GEORGE, JAMAICA.

A DAUGHTER'S REMEMBRANCE OF

DAYS IN JAMAICA.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following pages represent pretty well what is stated on the title-page; but I cannot launch my little book without expressing my grateful acknowledgment to those West India friends who have helped me in what has been a most pleasant task; and can only trust that what has thus been collected may be appreciated, not only by those who are at home in the West Indies and their Folk-lore, but by others at home in the

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"old country" who are strangers to the traditions of the Spanish Main.

I also offer my best thanks to Sir George Webbe Dasent, D. C. L., and to his publisher, Mr David Douglas of Edinburgh, for their kind permission to incorporate in this volume certain *Anansi* Tales which appeared in the Appendix to 'Popular Tales from the Norse,' some thirty years ago.

M. P. M.-H.

PAXTON HOUSE, BERWICKSHIRE,
April 1890.

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WHENCE THEY CAME.

IN the West Indies, if you desire to be told a fairy tale or anything of the kind, you must ask for *Anansi* stories.

In old days these were usually related at local gatherings of black people, such as weddings or funerals, the latter being, like wakes in Ireland, equal occasions for festivity with the former. But the difficulty in these days of obtaining any information on this subject from a West India negro will, I fear, scarcely be realised

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by the generality of readers. Whether it is that the great spread of education causes them to fear ridicule on the part of white questioners, or that the systematic discouragement of the clergy of all sects is beginning to take effect at last, certain it is that any one seeking to take down tales from the lips of a negro will have to spend much time, patience, and persuasion ere the narrator will cease to say, "Dat foolishness; wonder Missis car to har dat."

Yet, all the time, probably that same old woman will keep the children quiet with these tales, and the small white *buccra* sitting by its nurse will have a flood of folk-lore wasted on its entertainment, which an elder interested in the

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same will vainly endeavour to induce to flow. Anansi stories, which are those generally told to children, owe their name to a mysterious personage who plays a principal part in most of them—a hairy old man with long nails, very ugly, called Brother or Father A-nansi. Although this word is sometimes spelt Ananzi, I prefer the former spelling, as I think it shows the derivation more clearly, as I shall presently explain.

In some ways Anansi bears a resemblance to the Scandinavian Troll or Scrattel, and the Lubber-fiend of the English north country: he is said to be undersized and hairy, and his friendship is often unlucky, his presents turning to

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leaves or stones. Like the Rakshas of old Deccan days, and the demon subjects of the Cinghalese Devil, he is sometimes very hideous to look upon, and will go in rags when he has bags of money hidden away. His voice, too, is peculiar: he is said to speak through his nose, and his speech is very unintelligible, the reason given being that he talks so much with the beasts that at last he talks "same as them"; and a negro story-teller will always give Anansi's remarks, therefore, with an odd indescribable nasal accent. His character is not unlike that of the German Reinecke Fuchs, or the Japanese *Kitsuné* Fox: he is very thievish and cunning, and plays tricks like the jackal in the Hindoo stories, and

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generally gets the better of the other animals, and of men whom he sometimes befriends, but more often dupes and outwits. He sometimes takes the form of a spider; and there is a certain large house-spider with hairy legs and yellowish stripes, quite harmless, which it is said to be unlucky to kill, commonly called Anansi. This word, like so many terms in use in the West Indies, comes from the West Coast of Africa, where the Ashantees have a word, *Ananse*, meaning spider.

Another West African word, *nan*, means to spin, and there is a somewhat similar term (*Ananisem*) for a story, which is not at all unsuitable when one considers the way in which a folk-tale is spun by a

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native story-teller. These are generally old women, but sometimes a man will have a reputation as a narrator. We had a coachman, of whom it was said in the quarters, "he tell Anansi 'tory fine"; and a driver on the cattle-pen was equally renowned.

Tecuma seems to be another name for Anansi: as my informant expressed it, "Tecuma one spider, Anansi one Tecuma. Tecuma big and foolish, Anansi smaller and more 'cute;" in short, he always gets the better of Tecuma, as he does of all the other creatures. In some tales A-nansi's wife is called A-toukama, which also means spider, and it is probable Tecuma is only another form of the same.

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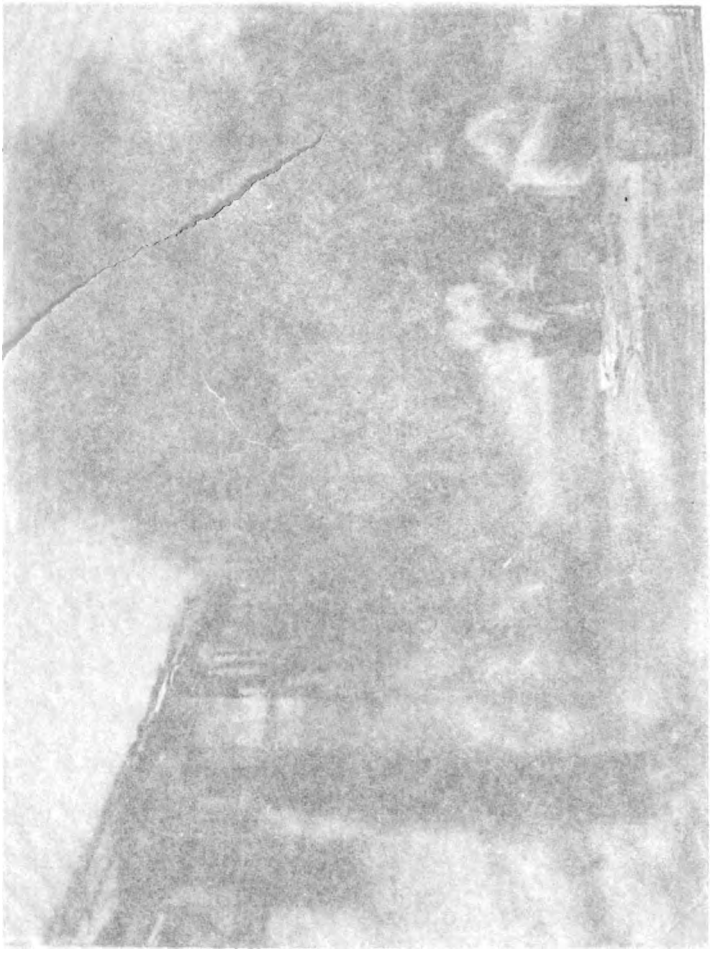

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"HE TELL ANANSI 'TORY FINE."—*Page* 6.

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Besides Anansi stories there are also what are called *Duppy* or *Jumbi* stories. These relate, however, solely to ghosts. They haunt particular houses, places, or roads, maltreating the passers-by sometimes. There is a delightful story of a Duppy who met with a drunken man riding home from market, and with a laudable objection to intemperance, shook Sambo off his horse into a muddy pool, and so belaboured him that he was barely able to crawl home.

Another Duppy haunted a pasture on our cattle-pen. He was mysteriously called the Rolling Calf, and his presence was said so to alarm cattle that it became impossible ever to leave any in that

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pasture at night. I remember, too, a maid who had been paying a visit to friends in town, coming home rather late across a pasture full of cattle, and declaring on her arrival at the house that she had seen a Duppy. I endeavoured to extract an accurate description which might have resulted in his portrait here, but I never got anything except that he had flaming eyes, and was like a cow, which last was not improbable.

A more *bonâ-fide* ghost was one which gave an evil name to the old and tumble-down coffee-works on a certain plantation. A black workman in old days having been killed by a fall, said not to have been involuntary, from the top-floor window,

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ever after no one would go near the spot, except in broad daylight and in company. An old wrinkled negro, who crept over from a neighbouring estate and installed himself in the haunted precincts, among the damp and mouldy planks and silent water-wheel, overgrown with a tropical tangle of fern, was looked upon as uncanny, and there were dark whispers that he was an Obi man. He at least must have been a sceptic with regard to the evil repute of his haunt, though he took advantage of it to ensure himself an undisturbed dwelling-place.

As far as I know, he never did anything more dreadful than steal plantains for a living; and as a picturesque object

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sitting half-naked under the horse-eye trees by the river that ran by his door, he was worth a few bunches surely.

Although Duppies resemble what the French would call *revenants*, the *Wald Geist* of German and the ghost proper of English fears, they seem also somewhat to resemble the Irish and Gaelic *fetch*, which presents all the appearance of some human creature who is far from being dead at the moment. In one instance, two men were going to the boiling-house early one morning. They crossed a cane-piece, and the story goes they saw a third man, a negro, passing before them through the waving cane-tops: he was deaf to any call, and seemed to disappear within the building;

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but when, a moment after, they also entered, no man or any trace of man was there. A sceptic with knowledge of the negro propensity for stealing sugar might easily find an explanation of this legend, so that no doubt, in this case, the proverbial thief was not found lurking among the pans.

This reminds one of the curious superstition prevailing in Martinique, of the *diablesse*, a beautiful negress with piercing eyes, who passes silently through some lonely cane-piece where men and women are at work, and whatever man she smiles upon must arise sooner or later and follow her — to death, since he is never seen again. So that if within a day or two

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any hand be missing, his fellows murmur among themselves that he has been bewitched by the *diablesse.* This superstition is apparently akin to that prevailing among the Russian peasants, of the Baba Yagas, witch-women whose look wiles a man away to death. In Jamaica it is said that the wearing of an alligator's tooth prevents a person seeing Duppies. This pretty little amulet is also supposed to avert ill-luck in love affairs. The line between Duppies and Jumbies does not seem very definitely traced, but it seems to me that Duppies partake more of the nature of apparitions, both of man and beast; and Jumbies, or, as they call them in the soft Bitaco speech of Martinique,

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"Zombies," are more of devils or demons, like those that play such a part in Russian and Japanese superstition. People who are out of doors very early in the morning in tropical latitudes, often feel, in the midst of the cool freshness, sudden breaths of hot air—a curious phenomenon I cannot explain, and which the negroes account for by saying they are passing by Jumbi's fireplace, where he made his fire overnight.

The beautiful silk cotton-tree, *Bombax ceiba*, is supposed to be a favourite haunt of Jumbi, and it takes a good many drinks of rum to induce a negro to cut down one of these trees, as he is convinced some evil will certainly overtake

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him afterwards. And for this a lover of nature is inclined to bless Jumbi, as the means of saving many of those grand kings of the forest with their buttressed trunks which would otherwise fall, in common with the rest of the virgin forest, to the sweeping *machete* and all-consuming fire by which the black man converts what he is pleased to term the worthless bush into a future provision-ground, where within a few months will be seen yams, like Kentish hops, climbing up their poles, or maybe cocos with gigantic leaves, or perhaps a cane-piece or banana-field in miniature. Unluckily this superstition does not appear to influence sufficiently deeply Master Quashie,

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when, as a fisherman, he pockets his dread of Jumbi's ire, sacrifices the cotton-tree, hollows out the trunk, and forms one of those splendid canoes which one may see darting about among the purple and green shallows within the coral-reefs, or scudding under sail before the wind, laden with varied cargo of red-gold oranges, luscious pines, and other fruit and vegetables, to sometimes even quite distant markets.

And now for a word upon another widespread West Indian superstition—Obi or Obeah. The term has travelled far, and identified itself with the West Indian Islands, although it is primarily of East African origin, and means serpent-wor-

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ship. In the old mythology of Egypt the snake was named Ob, and even now he is called Obion. But with its migration to the Spanish Main, and the coming of the votaries of Obi under Christian influences (such as they were), it gradually came more to signify dealings in the Black Art, and its professors are regarded somewhat as wise women and wise men were looked upon in English country villages, and spay-queans in Denmark or spae-wives in Scotland, by squire and peasant alike, some sixty years ago—as better friends than enemies.

They have usually a like knowledge of simple poisons and their antidotes; but I fear the Obi man often did use his know-

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ledge to the same unhallowed murderous end as the modern "moonlighter" of civilisation uses his knowledge of steel and iron behind the hedge. *Voudou* is said to be merely Obi in full force; but whether this is so, I do not pretend to know. It is curious, however, to trace the worship of the snake withering under the civilising influence of Christianity, and leaving the snake with merely the same uncanny character that he bears all over the world. Here in these Folk-tales we have the serpent disguising himself as a man, and deceiving women (see No. IV. and No. VI., Part I.) In India there are similar tales: who does not recollect the Cobras with their magic powers? In

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Japan, for instance, the story of Yamata no Orochi, the eight-headed serpent who tries to carry off a maiden; in Russia there are also lovers who are snakes disguised; and in North America, among the Algonquin Indians and others, examples might be easily multiplied.

Although now it is very generally known what strange similarity prevails among different nations in regard to current myths and folk-tales, I cannot forbear remarking here that the story of Anansi making the tiger do duty as his riding-horse has a curious parallel in one of the River Amazon Tortoise tales, wherein the Jaboty or land tortoise, whose *rôle* is very much that of Reynard the fox

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in European tales, behaves in a similar manner to Teyu the lizard, telling some neighbours that the lizard was nothing much, and indeed he made use of him as a riding-horse. Then when the assertion is repeated, the angry lizard hastens to visit the Jaboty, who pretends to be ill and unable to walk to the neighbour's, and deludes the lizard into offering to carry him on his back. Then ensues a very similar dialogue to that given in No. V., which ends in the lizard setting forth saddled and bridled, and the cunning tortoise on his back, duly provided with spurs and whip, — which he does not scruple to use as they approach the house of the neighbour, with the triumphant

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exclamation, "Didn't I say Lizard was my riding-horse?" I think, too, there is another Amazon folk-tale in which clever Uncle Cotia (a sort of rabbit) tells the Deer the Jaguar is his riding-horse, and successfully outwits the Jaguar accordingly. Readers of Uncle Remus's tales of the old cotton-plantation may remember how Brer Rabbit told Miss Meadows and the "gals" that Brer Fox was his father's riding-horse, and by declaring himself sick, deluded Brer Fox into submitting to wear saddle and bridle; when the sequel is the same as in the previous tale. The story of the Lady and the Bull also reminds us of those European myths, the Roan Bull of Orange, and the

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Brown Bull of Norrowa, and of Europa and the Bull. But upon this point of view I can no longer dwell.

There is a curious mixture in these stories of what is evidently taken from old African traditions, since we find in them lions, tigers, and monkeys, all unknown in the West Indian islands. Some of the descriptions of Anansi bear a shadowy resemblance to the gorillas, or the legendary *Soko*, that half-human and hairy Man of the Woods of African tradition; whereas the local setting and scenery essentially belong to the West Indies. There are the rivers, crossed by narrow bridges of *Lianes*, some of them with low-lying banks, and half choked with big

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white stones; the houses, raised on brick pillars from the ground, beneath which congregate pigs, fowls, goats, and dogs, seeking shelter in this way from the too powerful rays of the sun; the gaily decked buggies in which the people drive to their merrymakings, and the interminably long visits and speeches in which the negro delights. Nor does the love of litigation, common among the negroes, fail to find its illustration. Anansi's opponents bring him to justice. In the story of Anansi and Alligator, the facility afforded to Anansi's thievish propensities by the kitchen being a separate building, is apparent to any who may be acquainted with West Indian dwellings,

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where the kitchen stands on the other side of the yard, and the dishes travel backwards and forwards on the heads of the servants. The Muscovy ducks, too, with their husky whistling voices, which take delightful part in the tale of the King and the Peafowl, may also be seen waddling about many a negro cabin. And the wharf whence Anansi takes boat, weedy and moss-grown, running out into the limpid water, is it not a common object in a West Indian seaside landscape? since every estate-owner liked to have his own wharf at which to lade his *droguers* with his sugar and rum. Yet while to those who know the country these tales bear a local stamp, I fear to strangers there

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will seem a woful want of scenic description in them. It is not because there is no scenery to describe. Far from it. Were a word-painter to arise to do for the West Indies what G. W. Cable has done for New Orleans and Louisiana, he would find no lack of material to work upon: there are spots that are literally dreams of beauty — for instance, Ocho Rios in Jamaica, with its soft-sounding Spanish name, meaning the Eight Rivers; the little cluster of white and brown cottages, among waving palm-trees feathering the shore—even the dirt and squalor, inseparable from a West Indian as from an Irish hamlet, looking almost comfortable in the warm glow

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A MOUNTAIN HAMLET.

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of the atmosphere, the white coral sands stretching down to the edge of the dreamy sea, where brown rocks and green and purple lights and shades fade into blue,—such a blue turquoise tint as is never seen and scarcely believed in on the paler English shores. And a sea-girt road beneath a snow-white cliff, tapestried with ferns in wild luxuriance, such as are painfully coaxed to drag out a puny existence in European hothouses. And lovely sparkling streams, of which it is said in Jamaica that whoso drinks must come back to that verdant land; and the high woods full of tropical tangle, all scented with dreamy perfumes. According to the historian Bridges, the very name of the

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island comes from two Indian words—*Chabaüan* (water) and *makia* (wood). Xaymaca, the compound, on the lips of the Spanish conquerors became *Chamakia*, which the English supplanters corrupted into Jamaica, therefore the land of wood and water.

For the sake of veracity, in the tale of Anansi and Goat it is hardly necessary to explain the apparent taunt of the dog, to any who have seen the sudden spates in Highland rivers—or even freshets in English streams. I have myself seen a dry river-bed when "down," as we say in Jamaica, become impassable within a few hours.

The want of grace and description about

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these Folk-tales seems to be less striking wherever the Frenchman or Spaniard has had dominion: in Martinique, for instance, there seems to be more romance and graceful sentiment about the negro and Creole superstitions than in Jamaica, the ghost stories are more weird and powerful, and the expressions used are happier and more refined. For example, the "*Zombi*-bird" in one of the old *contes* is described as having his feathers tinted with the "hues of other days," and the clouds are called the sheep of "le Bon-Dié." Perhaps the grace and wit (as I must, for want of a better word, translate *esprit*) of the old French settlers have left an impression upon their descendants:

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it may be remembered that the charming Empress Joséphine, Napoleon's first wife, was a Creole. Such romance as the Spanish occupants of Jamaica may have left besides a few names—for instance, San Jago de la Vega, which still survives on the old milestones, for Spanish Town, and Agua-Alta, now the prosaic Wagwater river—has been overgrown by the hard common-sense of the British, a sort of mental Scotchman hugging the Creole, —a botanical comparison, the strength of which will not be lost on any West Indian.

Or it may be that in the shadow of the Roman Catholic religion, romance and superstition have freer growth. I do not

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for one moment wish to say that Catholic priests do not with equal zeal to that of Protestant ministers wage war with superstition and witchcraft, *Obi* and the like. But these priests are many of them of superior mental calibre, and are therefore more indulgent to the credulity of poor Sambo. As will have been seen, I have endeavoured to show the local setting of these Tales; but alas! they lose much by not being told by Edith or Desdemona, Quasheba or Queenie, who, with smiling black countenance and gleaming white teeth, will drop down before you on the floor as polished as her face, and sitting cross-legged with her ample starched petticoats stiffly spread out, will spin to

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you the prime favourites of the Creole nursery or kitchen, differing slightly according to a more or less lively imagination. The negro's quaint broken English, people new to the country find rather difficult to understand at first, and a short Glossary has therefore been inserted. It is curious to note the many idioms that have dropped out of use in England, and local Scotticisms that survive in the slow soft speech of the West Indian Creole; —Creole, I may add, since it is a sadly misapprehended term, signifying a person born in the West Indies, whether black or white, and being even applied to animals and inanimate things.

And now for the old question and

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answer before beginning, of story-telling Das and children in Martinique: *Bobonne fois? Toua fois bel conte.*

M. P. M.-H.

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GLOSSARY OF WORDS.

Akra, . .	*Hibiscus esculentus*, a tree with edible fruit.
Affassia, . .	A kind of yam.
Breadkind, .	Signifies all kinds of yams.
Buccra, . .	White man.
Brar, . .	Brother.
Bush, . .	Uncleared land.
Cush-cush, .	A kind of yam.
Calabash, . . .	Fruit of calabash tree.
Da, . . .	Nurse.
Droguer, . .	Small coasting-vessel.
Fe, . . .	For.
Lay out, . .	To hide.
Machete, . .	Cutlass used by labourers. From the Spanish.
Ruinate ground,	Land that has fallen out of cultivation.
Yearree, . .	To hear.

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PART I.

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ANANSI AND ALLIGATOR.

ONCE 'pon a time Anansi call 'pon big Alligator, for git him a place for sleep till ar marnin'. Alligator say, "A' right, come in ar house." Anansi say, "Brar, me no want for sleep in de house, me wan' for sleep in de kitchen." "A' right," say Alligator, "you can." Now all dis time, when Anansi and Alligator was tarking, Alligator Darter was behin' de door, so dem har ebery wud. So when dem har dat Anansi

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was gwine to sleep in de kitchen, dem went and ketch a lat of 'corpions, for put in ar de pot, for dem know well Anansi always sarch de pots. When Anansi go to bed, him lay down for a little; when him tink eberybody dey sleep, him put him han' into de pot, when one of de 'corpions bite him. Him halla, "Lahd!" When Alligator har him, him say, "Brar Anansi, what ar matter?" Anansi say, "Brar, da fleas dey bite me." When him tink Alligator gone asleep, him put han' again in de pot; him halla, "Lahd!" Alligator halla out, say, "Brar Anansi, what matter wid you, dey mek you bawl so?" "Brar Alligator, dey fleas dey bite so; lahd! dey fleas full you

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kitchen. Brar, dey fleas dey are too much, me can't 'tand yar." All dis time him tief. Alligator Darter yearree [hear]. When him finis', him say, "Good-by, brar, me gwine, dey flea dey are too much." Alligator Darter yearree Anansi say, so she broke out go see if Anansi tief de eggs. When she go look, she no see one, so she go tell her fader. An' her fader get up an' run arter Anansi. But Anansi, dis time, was near de sea. As Anansi go 'pon a wharf, yearree Alligator blow shell. He say, "'Top dar, fella Anansi!" As Anansi har so, him see de boatman not far from him, so him say, "Boatman, look yar, if you tek me 'crass de sea, I got a praperty,

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an' me gib you half." De boatman say, "A' right." Dem get in ar de boat, an' as dey get out ar sea, Anansi see Alligator 'pon de wharf. "'Top," Alligator halla out, "'top dar, fella Anansi." Den Anansi say, "Pull fast, boatman, haby rain dere 'pon sea." As Alligator see dem tek no notice, him t'row himself in de sea and swim arter dem. But de boat was took quick, an' lef' him. As de boat get 'pon oder side, Anansi jump out 'pon land an' say to de boatman, "Me go an' tell my fader dat ar 'tranger come." De boatman said, "A' right." So Anansi went in ar him fader, him tell him his 'tory, an' tell him dat if de boatman or Alligator come, must tell dem dat you dunno way [where] me

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dey, because me gwine go clim' a tree." As Anansi could go out, so in come de boatman and ask Anansi fader way Anansi dey. Anansi fader say him dunno. When de boatman gane, Anansi clim' 'pon anoder tree. Just as him go up him see big Alligator dey come. As Alligator come under de tree, so Anansi say, "See me yar, Brar Alligator?" Alligator say, "If I don't see Anansi, I never live in ar house again, but live in ar water." And Alligator look and look; an' dat de reason why Alligator lib in ar water. End of 'tory.

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BRAR DEAT' (BROTHER DEATH).

ANANSI always go 'bout look fe vittles, an' one day he go tief one man vittles; so c'ar home de vittle an' bile dem—an' he don't gib de wife nor pic'ny none. So when he eat it done, he gwine back fe more. When he comin' back, in de way he halla out, "See, ketch dem pic'ny, put him up ar loft, Brar Deat' da come." An' de wife say, "What you say? wash pot, put ar fire?" Anansi say, "You no yearree [hear], yo darn'd fool. Ketch dem pic'ny, put dem a loft,

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Brar Deat' da come." So when Anansi come in ar house, him wife tell him, "Me tink say you telling me fe ter wash pot, put ar fire." Den Anansi go up in de loft an' find de pic'ny heng up from de loft. One of de pic'ny drop fust; Brar Deat' him stan' up an' ketch him. De tidder one den say dem han' tired; him drap down, an' Brar Deat' tek him. Den de wife him han' tired wid heng fum de roof, an' him fall down. Brar Deat' tek him. Meanwhile Anansi call out to Brar Deat', "Look da yander, see one sumting da come!" An' whilst Brar Deat' ben lookin', Anansi shripple down—gane—an' Brar Deat' don't ketch him!

Jack man doorá, I don't want more.

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DE LADY AN' DE BULL.

ONE bull da court one n'young lady, but de n'young lady don't know say ar *bull*, because he look like ar man. De lady cook him brokfast fe de little boy c'ar out fe de genleman. When de lilly boy go dere, he see him dere, 'pon n'yam grass. Den de lilly boy halla out, "Come to you, sah." An' de bull 'tretch hisself, shub out his harns, an' turn back into ar *somebody*. Him come, him h'eat, lef' de plate den fe de boy c'ar dem home back.

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De boy go tell him missis, say, "Missis, da genleman da court you, ar no *somebody*, ar *cow*." An' de lady beat de boy, an' commence cuss [scold] him. Nex' day again, de boy de brokfast c'ar, when de pic'ny him see de bull feedin' as 'trong as eber. Den de boy hide behind tree, see ar w'at he da do. Den he halla fe him, "Come to you, sah." An' de bull come out, 'tretch hisself, so, dis way an' dat, an' turn back in ar somebody; him h'eat brokfast same as eber. Den de boy galouf home, tell de missis, an' she beat him an' dribe him away. De tird day, he c'ar brokfast again, an' hide behind tree, so watch him, and same ting go on. He tell de missis again, but she don't cuss

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him dis time. Ar nex' week ar de weddin'. So de weddin' go on, an' all de king an' genlemans was ax to dis weddin'. So de lady was married de day; an' when dey was gwine 'pon dinner-table, de bull da 'pon table, an' him cry out for headach, an' tek him packet-hankercher, put 'pon de head so; an' all de while he dar cry fe de head, de harn dey was growin' out of de forehead morn'more; an' de boy took an' sang a song he did hear de bull sing when time he was feedin' in ar pasture. Den de bull de 'pon *Moo*, an' jump up, run 'way, an' turn in big cow. Den all gellop after him, ketch him, and kill him same time; an' all de people blame de lady, say, "If

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he ben tek counsel wid de boy, dat would nebber have happen." An' de meanin' is, if anybody warn you 'pon anyting, you mos' always belieb dem!

Jack man doorá, I don't want more.

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DE SNEAKE AN' DE KING'S DARTER.

ONCE upon a time de King hab two beautiful darters; so de Sneake was passing one day an' saw de darter, beautiful white young lady; an' he went away an' tole his fam'ly 'bout her, and so he said, "I gwine ter buy a dandy shuit; I want a dandy trosers, a dandy jarket, an' a dandy white hat. I gwine ter buy a dandy cayriage, an' I gwine ter get a dandy coachman ter dribe me ter dat dandy yard where de King lib." So he

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did; he got all dese tings, he went to dis yard. An' when de King saw him comin' he said, "Here comes a beautiful carriage!" An' when it drove up to de door de King said, "Walk in!" an' he did, for he tink de Sneake ar man. An' de Sneake say, "All right." An' de lady went and get a chair for him, and say he such a handsome man, an' she so glad to receive him. He took de chair and set down, an' say to de fader, "I intend marry you darter." An' de fader say, "Won't you tek aff you hat?" An' he say, "No, I is a man what accustomed to pain in my head." So dey did not bother him to ask him to tek it aff. So de Sneake sit down an' tark an' tark an'

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tark to de young lady, an' ask if she would accept of him to marry her. De young lady say "Yes," an' de Sneake say to de King, "If you will accept of me marry you darter, I promise to give her a gold sovereign to-day." An' de young lady say, "But den I will have you tek aff you gloves." An' de Sneake say, "No, my lady, de cold will wrinkle my finger." De lady went into de room and say to de King, "Fader, I don't know what to do; 'pose I marry dis young man, he won't tek aff hat, he won't tek aff gloves; what mus' I do?" An' de fader say, "Well, I hear he a very rich man; but what his name?" De lady went out an' ask him, "What you name, please?" An' de Sneake say, "My name ar Great Brit-

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annia. (Dat de name de Sneake gib himself.) So den de King set down his name and say, "You mek up you mind marry him?" An' de young lady say, "Yes." He say, "All right." So when de young lady went in de room she say his name Great Britannia, "But I fear of him, for I want to see his head." An' de fader ask Sneake to tek something to drink. An' he would not, an' de fader very glad to tink dat de genleman dat gwine to tek his darter don't drink. When he fine de King would persuade on him to drink, he say he go now, he stay lang enough. An' so he went away an' write de lady a beautiful lang letter to say she mus' prepare for de weddin'. De day ob de weddin' he sen' de carriage

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for her, an' best man an' bridesmaid an' eberyting. He went to de church an' marry her, but he don't take aff his hat. He tell de parson same what he tell de fader, how he troubled with pain in de head. He marry de young lady, he tek her home, an' de papa say, "Kiss her, let me see." An' when he kissed her de hat drap aff, an' de forked tongue hang out, he didn't hab no mouth to kiss her, an' de lady faint, an' eberybody run. De fader send an' tek away de poor lady; an' tek away de house, de beautiful house, an' eberyting from de Sneake, and den shoot him dead. So dat why, when you see a Sneake in ar house, ebery one shoot it, because it a deceiving thing!

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THE STORY OF ANANSI AND TIGER.

THERE was a certain house in a town dat Anansi and Tiger wan' to visit. When Anansi go, him tell de fambly ob de house, say dat Tiger was his fader fus' riding-horse. So when Tiger go back, de people den tell Tiger what Anansi say. Well, Tiger say he must har from Anansi, so Tiger go home an' ask Anansi. Anansi say dat 'im neber say so. Tiger say, "Come, let us go to justice." Anansi opint 'im a day. When de opinted day

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come, Anansi fallen sick. Tiger say, "You mus' go, Anansi." He said, "Brar Tiger, I no able walk." Tiger say, "I will car' you on my back." Anansi said, "Brar Tiger, you mus' put dat lill' someting dem call saddle, dat when me gwine to fall down me can ketch up." Well, Tiger put on saddle, 'im say again, "You mus' put on dat lill' someting dem call bridle, dat when you gwine to fall down me can ketch you up." Tiger put on bridle. He said again, "You mus' mek me put on dat lill' someting dem call 'pur, and mek me hole dat someting dem call horsewip for dribe fly when dem come fe pitch 'pon you." Tiger say, "All you requier vou shall hab, but go you mus'

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to-day." So Anansi put on eberyting he wanted on Tiger, an' then mounted on. Just as Tiger want ter walk a lill' fast Anansi say, "Oh lahd! Brar Tiger, me ober weak, me da go fall down," untell when he nare de town where 'is frends are. He put in whip an' 'pur to Tiger an' sing out, "What me tell you? me no tell you, say Tiger is me fader fus' riding-horse?" an' 'im des ride up to de door an' tell a boy to tek 'is horse, an' as 'im gane inside Tiger tek 'is walk 'trate way ter de wood. End ob 'tory.

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THE SNEAKE (SNAKE).

DERE ben one Sneàke; him disguise himself into man ter go marry one gal. Den when him go get married, him go bara boot an' hat an' jarket an' trosers. Den him send fe any amount o' egg fe mek cake, an' when night come him go suck out ebery bit ar de egg. When him marry done, him gallang in ar buggy wid him wife; den all de people who him bara de clothes from, lift dem voice ter halla arter him, "Sneake, gib

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me me boot den! Sneake, gib me me hat an' me trosers, gib me me jarket!" Den him well an' frighten tey [until] him clothes drap aff, an' him turn back into a Sneake; an' de woman him frighten tey him drap down dead!

Jack man doorá, I don't want more.

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DE AFFASSIA.

DERE was once a man, who hab plenty childern; him was lazy to pieces, an' would no work 'pon estate, by [because] him go strain hisself. So him go ar *bush*, look for a ruinate ground to dig h'old yam. When him bring home de yam, den he no want de wife and pic'ny hab none. Den dey ax him, "A what dey call dis yar yam?" Him say, "Who don't (know) name, don't (want) n'yam; who (knows) name, (hab) n'yam." But by de fambly don't

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know de name, he h'eat up hebery piece. So de biggest son he go ar groun' pick two *akra*, foller de fader, an' rub split *akra* where de ole man walk. Den he go hide hisself. When de fader wid de breadkind he been dig come, him two foots get 'way from him—bram! down fall fe de head de load yam. "Lahd! lahd! me *affassia* drap from me!" Den de son yearree de word, an' run quick home tell de moder and pic'ny what de n'yam name. So when de fader him breadkind done, he say, "Now, who don't name, doant n'yam; and who name, n'yam!" Den de whole fambly bawl out, "Affassia! affassia!" and mek after de pot; so eat n'yam ebery bit, lef' none.

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GOAT AND ANANSI.

ONE day Dog and Goat been go walk, rain ketch dem; so dem call da Brar Anansi corner house. Dog stand sturdy, but Goat mind rain, so da knock 'im foot and say, "Baa! baa!" Den Anansi go yearree dem. Anansi say da Goat and Dog, and say, "O Breder, shame at you! rain da come you lef' *you* house, come inside *my* house." But Dog and Goat know what a man Anansi is, dey 'fraid of 'im. Howsoeber, dem go to de door. Anansi tek up him fiddle an' begin to

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play musick. Rain come; how a man get meat? Dog say, "Me 'pend 'pon me four foot." Goat say, "Me can't run, but me comy." Anansi play so till 'im see dey won't come in fe dance. Den 'im mek arter dem. Dem run till dem go to one riber. Dog swim ober; Goat 'fraid fe de water, 'im turn into white 'tone, lie down by ar riber-side. Anansi come, 'imself was as much 'fraid fe de water. Den Dog call to 'im, "If you want me, tek da white 'tone you see side of you, fling it to knock me an' break me foot, an' when de riber dried you come tek me an' gnaw me." So Anansi tek de white 'tone an' fling arter Dog fe knock him down. But when 'im fling 'im, 'im

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no know dat ar was n'young Goat. Goat drap t'oder side. Goat say, "You want break me neck." Anansi say, "Lahd! look how me t'row 'way meat!" But when de riber dry Anansi follow dem. By dis time Dog get cold, so 'im gone 'ome. But Goat hab craving, break big bundle of green bush, cover 'imself wid da. Anansi come, see de green bush da walkin', an' say, "Lahd! me neber see tree walk!" so 'im follow till Goat get 'most to 'im house. Den Goat turn roun', see 'im. Den Goat mek a run. So Anansi find out, say, "Da Goat!" Den 'im fling 'im cutlass an' cut off piece ob Goat tail, and dat mek you see why Goat hab 'tump ob tail.

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ANANSI, HIS WIFE, AND TIGER.

ANANSI he go find vittles fe him famly in ar wood. Tiger fill him bag wid ashes an' bore hole in de bag. Anansi say, "Brar Tiger, mind me wife an' me children tey me come back." Tiger say, "Me will mind you house well." Den when him go 'long, de ashes dey drap out. Den Tiger follow Anansi, begin to ketch wild beasts in ar de wood. An' when him see Tiger him clim' one tree, lef' de bag on ar ground. Den Tiger say, "Hi,

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Brar Anansi, me tink you say you go kill wild beast an' wild meat, an' what mek you trick so?" Den Anansi vex an' come down aff de tree, so him an' Tiger ketch fight, an' Tiger kill Anansi. So him cut him up and tek him to him wife, an' tell 'im dis ar de wild meat, an' dat Anansi 'way in wood. An' all de while it Anansi cut up in bag.

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THE STORY ABOUT RAT AND CAT.

RAT and Cat was very good fren', but wheneber de Cat put down anyting an' gone out, de Rat gnaw 'im. An' when de Cat come home an' ax him 'bout it, 'im say 'im no know; so, till one day dem was invited to a dance. So dem propose fe dance, an' dem bile big pot full of rice to have dinner before dem go. So when dinner ready dem gnaw 'im, an' lef' some ob de rice fe to-morrer. Den dress demself an' away fe de dance. When dem get a good way from de house

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Rat say, "Lahd! Breder Puss, me lef' me pus [purse] wid de house." Puss say, "No min', me ab enuf money for we two." But Rat say, "No, ebery man mus' depen' 'pon you own packet [pocket]." But by dis time 'im ab a desire fe go gnaw in de rice. So de feller turn back an' tell 'im fren' fe wait fe 'im. Puss wait and wait tey ar no seem da come. "I will tek a bet Rat ar gone gnawin' de rice we lef'." Den Puss turn back, den im har de Rat in ar de pot, "crep, crep, crep." Pus jus' walk up softly an' lay out in de barn. Den de Rat say, "No, man, dat is not fair." Puss say, "Quite fair enuf." So dat mek you see Puss an' Rat agree till dis de way ob de ting.

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ANANSI, TIGER, AND GOAT.

ONCE 'pon a time Anansi, Tiger, an' Goat, with her little ones, lib together in ar house. Anansi lived up in ar roof, Tiger inside, an' Goat under de house. At last, howeber, dey quarrel. Tiger say Anansi mek dust, an' Goat mek dirt, he want de house all to himself. Den Goat say she will go 'way, an' Anansi say he will go too. So dey went, an' presently dey har Tiger comin' arter dem, Grum! grum! grum! An'

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dey come to a riber where ar great many white 'tones lay on de bank and in ar de water. Anansi change Goat an' her little ones into 'tones an' t'row dem 'crass to de oder side. An' soon as 'tone touch de ground, it turn in ar goat again an' run in ar de bush. But Tiger come nearer and nearer, Grum! grum! grum! Jes' as Anansi t'row de last 'tone Tiger come up. When he see he no get Goat he very angry, an' say he eat Anansi. But Anansi t'row him thread 'crass de riber same as a bridge an' so get away, an' de Tiger was lef'—Grum! grum! grum!

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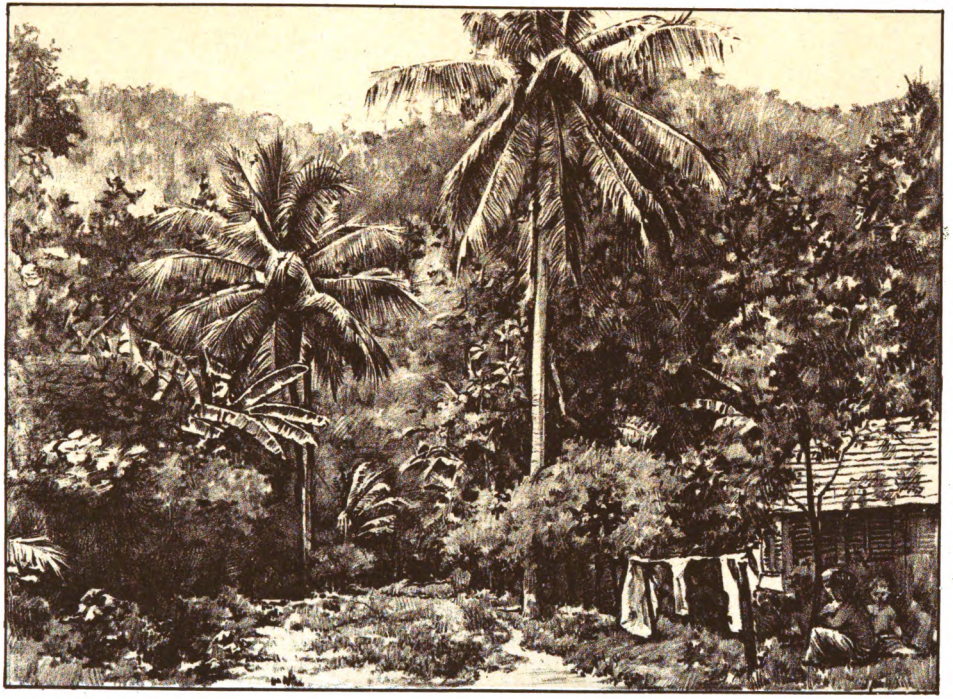

THE HAUNT OF ANANSI.

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GARSHAN BULL.

ONE little boy going to school ebery day, he going har dem say, "Oh, it mek so harm!" When he gone home he tell his grandma, so de grandma roast three Johnny cake, gib him in one bag. Den she tell him, say he must go to one place where de Garshan Bull lib. So he go up a tree and holla, "Garshan Bull, Garshan!" Den de Garshan stop, say, "I har a voice I neber har yet." Den 'im come wid run an' run slick 'pon tree, tey

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it nearly fall down on ar ground. Den de boy tek one of de Johnny cakes an' stick 'pon bull arm; so de arm pop off, an' de Garshan Bull mad, an' buck 'pon tree. De boy tek de oder Johnny cake, stick 'pon de oder arm, pop off all two, and bull lef' wid no arm; den he begin fight de tree again. De boy tek out de oder Johnny cake, lef' none. Den he knock him in de back of him neck, kill him dead. De boy come down off ar tree, cut off him golden tongue, an' car' it to de king. When he send it up, de king say, "Who kill de Garshan Bull shall marry my darter." So dis boy him destroy de bad bull who kill plenty black people. So he married de king's

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darter, and de Anansi pick up all de little bits and say *him* kill de bull, an' de debbel run away wid de 'Nansi.

Jack man doorá, I don't want more.

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DE LADY AN' DE LITTLE DOGGIE.

ONCE 'pon a time a genelman was in love with two sisters, an' he married one; an' afterwards dey had a lill' baby. De wife complain of being sick one day, so she went to bed. When she wake nex' marnin' her sister tole her dey was a demon in de well, an' she went down in de well. But dere was no demon. But as she was comin' up back, de sister push her down. Den her sister went in ar de house an' tek charge of de hus-

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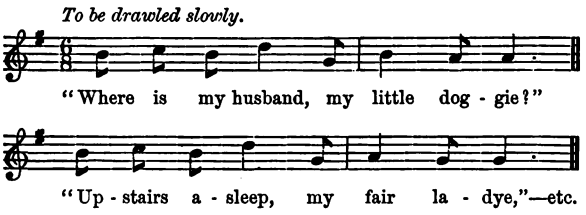
ban' an' de baby. Arter a lill' time, de husban' say, "Gib me some tea;" an' she went an' put laud'num in it, an' gib to de husban'. So him soon fall asleep. Arter a time, when de night fall, de wife ghost come up out ar de well. An' she went in de house an' ring de bell, an' a little doggie open de do', an' she say [or rather sang as follows]:—



"Where is my sister, my little doggie?"
"Up-stairs asleep, my fair ladye."

[And always to the same tune.]

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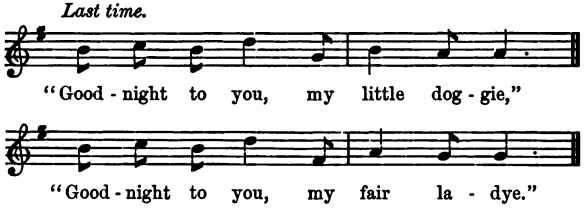
"Where is my baby, my little doggie?"
"Up-stairs asleep, my fair ladye."
"Will you bring me my baby, my little doggie?"
"Oh yes, to please you, my fair ladye!"
"Will you bring me de bath, my little doggie?"
"Oh yes, to please you, my fair ladye!"
"Will you bring me de soap, my little doggie?"
"Oh yes, to please you, my fair ladye!"
"Will you bring me de towel, my little doggie?"
"Oh yes, to please you, my fair ladye!"
"Will you bring me de powder, my little doggie?"
"Oh yes, to please you, my fair ladye!"
"Will you tek back de tings, my little doggie?"
"Oh yes, to please you, my fair ladye!"

Last time.



An' she go 'way jes' as de day break.

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DE KING AND DE PEAFOWL.

ONE day once 'pon a time de king hab a party ob ladies an' genelmen. An' arter de party de band was ter come an' play. But de fiddler was took sick, so dey could not dance. So de king said, "I am gwine ter sen' ober ter my friens an' ask dem ter come an' sing." So he sen', an' de genelman say he very glad, an' his famly was Dog, Peafowl, and Tiger. So he sen' Missis Duck fus, an' dey said, "Can you sing? let me har you voice." Dey put

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her in a rocking-chair 'pon de platform, an' de Duck say, "Hahh! hahh!" an' den he say, "Dat will nat do. Sen' for Dog." An' dey took her an' put her in a coop, an' all de ducks come round an' ask to have her let out, an' say, "Hahh! hahh! hahh!" Den dey sen' for Dog, an' tole him dat if he fin' a salt beef-bone in ar de road, he mus' not pick it up, by it mek him rough in his troat. So Dog did not pick it up, but pass it; but arter when he go, his voice did not suit neither. Dey tole Dog to sing, an' he said, "How! how! how!" An' de king say, "Don't wan' a man ter ask me *how*— he will not do." Dey saw a fowl coming, —"Can *you* sing?" An' de fowl say "Ka! ka! ka!" an' dey said, "Dat will

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not do," an' dribe de fowl 'way. De cock came in arter, an' de cock said, "Coqueri-cou," an' dey said, "De king don' wan' ter know when de daylight, sah!" De king came in an' said, "All dese people cannot sing, dey will not do." Dey sen' Tiger, an' dey said, "You must not pick up a big salt beef-bone in ar de road." An' de Tiger did pick it up, an' Tiger could not sing, an' said, "Grum! grum! grum!" "Dat voice is wuss dan all, dat voice will not do." Den sen' aff for Peafowl, but Peafowl would not go. Dey went back ter dinner, all de people went back to dinner, an' when dey were at dinner in a large house, de Peafowl came in an' sing—

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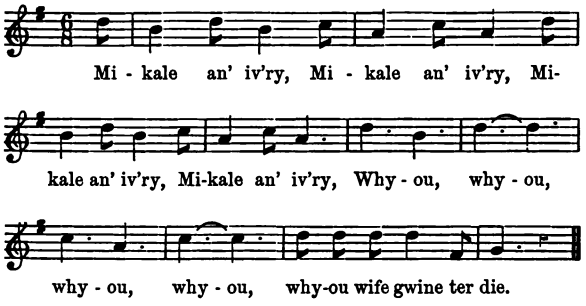

Den de genelmen jump up and say, "Hullo! what dat?" De king say, "Sing again, my pritty lill' bird," an' den de Peafowl sang, (as before) "Mikale an' iv'ry, Mikale an' iv'ry, Mikale an' iv'ry, Mikale an' iv'ry, whyou, whyou, whyou, whyou, whyou wife gwine ter die." "What dat? what dat? what dat?" dey say, an' de bird den settin' on de tree sing, "Mikale an' iv'ry," &c. De king say, "Sing again,

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you pritty lill' bird. You dress shall be tipped with blue, an' you shall hab a beautiful field of corn in a present." An' de bird sang again better when he har dat, "Mikale an' iv'ry, Mikale an' iv'ry, Mikale an' iv'ry, Mikale an' iv'ry, whyou, whyou, whyou, whyou, whyou wife gwine ter die." De king jump up an' call de buggy, an' jomp in an' tek de Peafowl in, an' all de horses was richly decked, an' all de company very fine, dey dribe de Peafowl home, an' dat why de Peafowl hab such a beautiful dress.

Jack man doorá, I don't want more.

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PART II.

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STREET IN A WEST INDIAN TOWN—ST ANN'S, JAMAICA.

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A LION had a Goat for his wife. One day Goat went out to market, and when she was gone, Lion went out in the wood, where he met with Baboon, who made friends with Lion, for fear he would eat him, and asked him to go home with him; but the Lion said it would be a good chance, so he asked Baboon to go home with him and see his little ones. When they got home, Baboon said to the Lion, "Why, you have got plenty of

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THE LION, GOAT, AND BABOON.

A LION had a Goat for his wife. One day Goat went out to market, and while she was gone, Lion went out in the wood, where he met with Baboon, who made friends with Lion, for fear he would eat him, and asked him to go home with him; but the Lion thought it would be a good chance, so he asked Baboon to go home with him and see his little ones. When they got home, Baboon said to the Lion, "Why, you have got plenty of

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little goats here." The Lion said, "Yes, they are my children." So the Baboon said, "If they are, they are little goats, and they are very good meat." So the Lion said, "Don't make a noise; their mother will come presently, and we will see." So these little goats took no notice, but went out to meet their mother, and told her what had passed. Their mother said to them, "Go back, take no notice, and I shall come home presently and do for him." So she went and bought some molasses, and took it home with her. The Lion said, "Are you come? what news?" "Oh!" she said, "good news; taste here." He tasted, and said, "It's very good — it's honey." And she said,

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"No, it's Baboon's blood; they have been killing one to-day, the blood is running in the street, and every one is carrying it away." The Lion said, "Hush! there is one in the house, and we shall have him." At this the Baboon rushed off, and when they looked for him he was gone, and never came near them again, which saved the little goats' lives.

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THE LITTLE CHILD AND THE PUMPKIN-TREE.

THERE was once a poor widow who had six children. One day when she was going out to look for something to eat, for she was very poor, she met an old man sitting by the river-side. He said to her, "Good morning." And she answered, "Good morning, father." He said to her, "Will you wash my head?" She said she would; so she washed it, and when she was going away, he gave

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her a "stampee" (a small coin), and told her to go a certain distance, and she would see a large tree full of pumpkins; she was then to dig a hole at the root of the tree and bury the money, and when she had done so, she was to call for as many pumpkins as she liked, and she should have them. So the woman went and did as she was told, and she called for six pumpkins, one for each child, and six came down, and she carried them home. And now they always had pumpkins enough to eat, for whenever they wanted any, the woman had only to go to the tree and call, and they had as many as they liked. One morning when she got up she found a little baby

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before the door, so she took it up, and carried it in, and took care of it. Every day she went out, but in the morning she boiled enough pumpkin to serve the children all day. One day when she came back she found the food was all gone. So she scolded her children and beat them for eating it all up. They told her they had not taken any—that it was the baby; but she would not believe them, and said, "How could a little baby get up and help itself?" But the children still persisted it was the baby. So one day when she was going out, she put some pumpkin in a calabash, and set a trap over it. When she was gone, the baby got up as usual

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to eat the food, and got its head fastened in the trap, so that it could not get out, and began knocking its head about, and crying out, "Oh, do loose me! for that woman will kill me when she comes back." When the woman came in, she found the baby fastened in the trap, so she beat it well, and turned it out of doors, and begged her children's pardon for having wronged them. Then after she turned the baby out, he changed into a great big man, and went to the river, where he saw the old man sitting by the river-side, who asked him to wash his head, as he had asked the poor woman. But the man said, "No, he would not wash his dirty head;" and so he wished the

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old man good-bye. Then the old man asked him if he would have a pumpkin, to which he said, "Yes;" and the old man told him to go on till he saw a large tree with plenty of pumpkins on it, and then he must ask for one. So he went on till he got to the tree, and the pumpkins looked so nice, he could not be satisfied with one. So he called out, "Ten pumpkins come down," and the ten pumpkins fell on him and crushed him.

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THE KING AND THE ANT'S TREE.

THERE was once a king who had a very beautiful daughter, and he said whoever would cut down an ant's tree he had in his kingdom, without brushing off the ants, should marry his daughter. Now a great many came and tried, but no one could do it; for the ants fell out upon them and stung them, and they were forced to brush them off. There was always some one watching to see if they brushed the ants off. Then Anansi went,

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and the king's son was set to watch him. When they showed him the tree, he said, "Why, that's nothing; I know I can do that." So they gave him the axe, and he began to hew; but each blow he gave the tree he shook himself, and brushed, saying all the while, "Did you see me do that? I suppose you think I am brushing myself, but I am not." And so he went on till he had cut down the tree. But the boy thought he was only pretending to brush himself all the time, and the king was obliged to give him his daughter.

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THE GIRL AND THE FISH.

THERE was once a girl who used to go to the river to fetch water, but when she went she was never in a hurry to come back, but stayed so long that they made up their minds to watch her. So one day they followed her to the river, and found, when she got there, she said something [the reciter forgets the words]. And a fish came up and talked to her; and she did not like to leave it, for it was her sweetheart. So they went next

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day to the river to see if the fish would come up; for they remembered what the girl said, and used the same words. Then up came the fish immediately, and they caught it and took it home, and cooked it for dinner; and a part they set by, and gave it to the girl when she came in. Whilst she was eating, a voice said, "Do you know what you are eating? I am he you have so often talked with. If you look in the pig's tub, you will see my heart." Then the voice told her to take the heart and wrap it up in a handkerchief, and carry it to the river. When she got to the river she would see three stones in the water; she was to stand on the middle stone and dip the

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handkerchief three times in the water. All this she did, and she sank suddenly and was carried down to a beautiful place, where she found her lover, changed from a fish into his proper form, and she lived there happily with him for ever. And this is the reason why there are mermaids in the water.

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THE DANCING GANG.

A WATER-CARRIER once went to the river to fetch water. She dipped in her calabash and brought out a crayfish. The crayfish began beating his claws on the calabash, and played such a beautiful tune that the girl began dancing and could not stop. The driver of the gang wondered why she did not come, and sent another to see after her. When she came, she too began to dance when she heard the music and the cray-

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fish singing, "Vaitsi, vaitsi, O sulli van?" "Stay for us, stay for us, how long will you stay for us?" Then the driver sent another and another, till he had sent the whole gang. At last he went himself, and when he found the whole gang dancing, he too began to dance; and they all danced till night, when the crayfish went back into the water; and if they haven't done dancing, they are dancing still.

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ANANSI AND BABOON.

ANANSI and Baboon were disputing one day which was fattest. Anansi said he was sure he was fat, but Baboon declared he was fatter. Then Anansi proposed that they should prove it; so they made a fire, and agreed that they should hang up before it and see which would drop most fat. Then Baboon hung up Anansi first, but no fat dropped. Then Anansi hung up Baboon, and very soon the fat began to drop, which smelt so good

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that Anansi cut a slice out of Baboon and said, "Oh, Brother Baboon, you fat for true." But Baboon didn't speak. So Anansi said, "Well, speak or not speak, I'll eat you every bit to-day," which he really did. But when he had eaten up all Baboon, the bits joined themselves together in his stomach, and began to pull him about so much that he had no rest, and was obliged to go to a doctor. The doctor told him not to eat anything for some days, then he was to get a ripe banana and hold it to his mouth. When the Baboon, who would be hungry, smelt the banana, he would be sure to run up to eat it, and so he would run out of his mouth. So Anansi starved himself, and

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got the banana, and did as the doctor told him; but when he put the banana to his mouth, he was so hungry he couldn't help eating it. So he didn't get rid of the Baboon, which went on pulling him about till he was obliged to go back to the doctor, who told him he would soon cure him; and he took the banana and held it to Anansi's mouth, and very soon the Baboon jumped up to catch it, and ran out of his mouth, and Anansi was glad to get rid of him. And Baboons to this very day like bananas.

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ANANSI AND THE LION.

ANANSI planned a scheme. He went to town and bought ever so many firkins of fat, and ever so many sacks, and ever so many balls of string, and a very big frying-pan; then he went to the bay and blew a shell, and called the head fish in the sea, "Green Eel," to him. Then he said to the fish, "The king sends me to tell you that you must bring all the fish on shore, for he wants to give them new life." So Green Eel said he would, and went to call

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them. Meanwhile Anansi lighted a fire, and took out some of the fat, and got his frying-pan ready, and as fast as the fish came out of the water he caught them and put them into the frying-pan; and so he did with all of them until he got to the head fish, who was so slippery he could not hold him, and he got back again into the water. When Anansi had fried all the fish, he put them into the sacks, and took the sacks on his back and set off to the mountains. He had not gone very far before he met Lion, and Lion said to him, "Well, Brother Anansi, where have you been? I have not seen you a long time." Anansi said, "I have been travelling about." "But what have

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you got there?" said the Lion. "Oh, I have got my mother's bones; she has been dead these forty-seven years, and they say I must not keep her here, so I am taking her up into the middle of the mountains to bury her." Then they parted. After he had gone a little way the Lion said, "I know that Anansi is a great rogue; I daresay he has got something there that he doesn't want me to see, and I will just follow him." But he took care not to let Anansi see him. Now when Anansi got into the wood he set his sacks down, and took one fish out and began to eat; then a fly came, and Anansi said, "I cannot eat any more, for there is some one near." So he tied the

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sacks up, and went on farther into the mountains, where he set his sacks down and took out two fish, which he ate; and no fly came, he said, "There is no one near." So he took out more fish. But when he had eaten about half-a-dozen, the Lion came up and said, "Well, Brother Anansi, a pretty tale you have told me." "Oh, Brother Lion, I am so glad you have come; never mind what tale I have told you, but come and sit down—it was only my fun." So Lion sat down and began to eat; but before Anansi had eaten two fish, Lion had emptied one of the sacks. Then said Anansi to himself, "Greedy fellow, eating up all my fish." "What do you say, sir?" "I only said

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you do not eat half fast enough," for he was afraid the Lion would eat him up. Then they went on eating; but Anansi wanted to revenge himself, and he said to the Lion, "Which of us do you think is the strongest?" The Lion said, "Why, I am, of course." Then Anansi said, "We will tie one another to the tree, and we shall see which is the strongest." Now they agreed that the Lion should tie Anansi first, and he tied him with some very fine string, and did not tie him tight. Anansi twisted himself about two or three times, and the string broke. Then it was Anansi's turn to tie the Lion, and he took some very strong cord. The Lion said, "You must not tie me tight, for I did not

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tie you tight." And Anansi said, "Oh, no! to be sure I will not." But he tied him as tight as ever he could, and then told him to try and get loose. The Lion tried and tried in vain—he could not get loose. Then Anansi thought, "Now is my chance;" so he got a big stick and beat him, and then went away and left him, for he was afraid to loose him lest he should kill him.

Now there was a woman called Miss Nancy, who was going out one morning to get some "callalou" [spinach] in the wood, and as she was going she heard some one say, "Good morning, Miss Nancy." She could not tell who spoke to her, but she looked where the voice came from, and saw the Lion tied to the

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tree. "Good morning, Mr Lion; what are you doing there?" He said, "It is all that fellow Anansi, who has tied me to the tree; but will you loose me?" But she said, "No; for I am afraid, if I do, you will kill me." But he gave her his word he would not; still she could not trust him: but he begged her again and again, and said, "Well, if I do try to eat you, I hope all the trees will call out shame upon me." So at last she consented. But she had no sooner loosed him than he came up to her to eat her, for he had been so many days without food that he was quite ravenous; but the trees immediately called out "Shame," and so he could not eat her. Then she went away

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as fast as she could, and the Lion found his way home. When Lion got home, he told his wife and children all that had happened to him, and how Miss Nancy had saved his life; so they said they would have a great dinner, and ask Miss Nancy. Now, when Anansi heard of it, he wanted to go to the dinner; so he went to Miss Nancy and said she must take him with her as her child, but she said "No." Then he said, "I can turn myself into quite a little child, and then you can take me;" and at last she said "Yes;" and he told her, when she was asked what pap her baby ate, she must be sure to tell them it did not eat pap, but the same food as every one else; and so they went,

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and had a very good dinner, and set off home again. But somehow one of the Lion's sons fancied that all was not right, and he told his father he was sure it was Anansi; and the Lion set out after him. Now as they were going along, before the Lion got up to them Anansi begged Miss Nancy to put him down that he might run, which he did, and he got away and ran along the wood, and the Lion ran after him. When he found the Lion was overtaking him, he turned himself into an old man with a bundle of wood on his head; and when the Lion got up to him, he said, "Good morning, Mr Lion;" and the Lion said, "Good morning, old gentleman." Then the old man said, "What

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are you after now?" And the Lion asked if he had seen Anansi pass that way, but the old man said, "No; that fellow Anansi is alway meddling with some one; what mischief has he been up to now?" Then the Lion told him, but the old man said it was no use to follow him any more, for he would never catch him; and so the Lion wished him good day, and turned and went home again.

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ANANSI AND QUANQUA.

QUANQUA was a very clever fellow, and he had a large house full of all sorts of meat. But you must know, he had a way of saying "Quan? qua?" (how? what?) when any one asked him anything, and so they called him "Quanqua." One day when he was out, he met Atoukama, Anansi's wife, who was going along driving an ox, but the ox would not walk, so Atoukama asked Quanqua to help her; and they got on pretty well till

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they came to a river, when the ox would not cross through the water. Then Atoukama called to Quanqua to drive the ox across, but all she could get out of him was, "Quan? qua? Quan? qua?" At last she said, "Oh, you stupid fellow, you're no good; stop here and mind the ox, while I go and get help to drive him across." So off she went to fetch Anansi. As soon as Atoukama was gone away, Quanqua killed the ox, and hid it all away where Anansi should not see it; but first he cut off the tail, then he dug a hole near the river-side, and stuck the tail partly in, leaving out the tip. When he saw Anansi coming, he caught hold of the tail, pretending to tug at it as if he

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were pulling the ox out of the hole. Anansi, seeing this, ran up as fast as he could, and tugging at the tail with all his might, fell over into the river; but he still had hold of the tail, and contrived to get across the water, when he called out to Quanqua, "You idle fellow, you couldn't take care of the ox, so you shan't have a bit of the tail," and then on he went. When he was gone quite out of sight, Quanqua took the ox home, and made a very good dinner. Next day he went to Anansi's house, and said Anansi must give him some of the tail, for he had got plenty of yams, but he had no meat. Then they agreed to cook their pot together. Quanqua was to put

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in white yams, and Anansi the tail and red yams. When they came to put the yams in, Quanqua put in a great many white yams, but Anansi only put in one little red cush-cush yam. Quanqua asked him if that little yam would be enough; he said, "Oh, plenty, for I don't eat much." When the pot boiled, they uncovered it, and sat down to eat their shares, but they couldn't find any white yams at all—the little red one had turned them all red. So Anansi claimed them all, and Quanqua was glad to take what Anansi would give him. Now, when they had done eating, they said they would try which could bear heat best; so they heated two irons, and Anansi was to try

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first on Quanqua; but he made so many attempts that the iron got cold before he got near him. Then it was Quanqua's turn, and he pulled the iron out of the fire and poked it right down Anansi's throat.

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THE BROTHER AND HIS SISTERS.

THERE were once upon a time three sisters and a brother. The sisters were all proud, and one was very beautiful, and she did not like her little brother, "because," she said, "he was dirty." Now this beautiful sister was to be married, and the brother begged their mother not to let her marry, as he was sure the man would kill her, for he knew his house was full of bones. So the mother told her daughter, but she would not believe it,

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and said she would not listen to anything that such a dirty little scrub said; and so she was married. Now it was agreed that one sister was to remain with their mother, and the other was to go with the bride; and so they set out on their way. When they got to the beach, the husband picked up a beautiful tortoise-shell comb, which he gave to his bride. Then they got into his boat, and rowed away over the sea. And when they reached their home, they were so surprised to see their little brother, for the comb had turned into their brother. They were not at all glad to see him, and the husband thought to himself he would kill him without telling his wife. When night

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came the boy told the husband that at home his mother always put him to sleep in the blacksmith's shop, and so the husband said he should sleep in the smithy. In the middle of the night the man got up, intending to kill them all, and went to his shop to get his irons ready; but the boy jumped up as soon as he went in, and he said, "Boy, what is the matter with you?" So the boy said, when he was at home his mother always gave him two bags of gold, and told him to go to sleep. But the boy said, "Now mind, when you hear me snore I'm not asleep, but when I am not snoring then I'm asleep." Then the boy went to sleep and began to snore, and as long as the

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man heard the snoring he blew his bellows; but as soon as the snoring stopped, the man took his irons out of the fire, and the boy jumped up. Then the man said, "Why, what's the matter? why can't you sleep?" The boy said, "No; for at home my mother always gave me four bags of money to lie upon." Well, the man said he should have them, and brought him four bags of money. Then the boy told him again the same about his snoring, and the man bade him go to sleep, and he began to snore, and the man to blow his bellows until the snoring stopped. Then the man took out his irons again, and the boy jumped up, and the man dropped the irons, saying, "Why,

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what's the matter now, that you can't sleep?" The boy said, "At home my mother always gave me two bushels of corn." So the man said he should have the corn, and went and brought it, and told him to go to sleep. Then the boy snored, and the man blew his bellows till the snoring stopped, when he again took out his irons, and the boy jumped up, and the man said, "Why, what's it now?" The boy said, "At home my mother always goes to the river with a sieve to bring me some water." So the man said, "Very well, I will go; but I have a cock here, and before I go I must speak to it." Then the man told the cock, if he saw any one moving in the

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house he must crow: that the cock promised to do, and the man set off. Now when the boy thought the man was gone far away, he got up and gave the cock some of the corn; then he woke up his sisters and showed them all the bones the man had in the house, and they were very frightened. Then he took the two bags of gold on his shoulders, and told his sisters to follow him. He took them to the bay and put them into the boat with the bags of gold, and left them whilst he went back for the four bags of money. When he was leaving the house, he emptied the bags of corn to the cock, who was so busy eating he forgot to crow until they had got quite

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away. When the man returned home and could not find them in the house, he went to the river, where he found his boat gone, and so he had no way of going after them. When they landed at their own place, the boy turned the boat over and stove it in, so that it was of no use any more; and he took his sisters home, and told their mother all that had happened; and his sisters loved him, and they lived very happily together ever afterwards, and do so still if they are not dead.

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HOME OF A SUGAR-PLANTER.

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WHY THE JACK SPANIARD'S[1] WAIST IS SMALL.

ANANSI and Mosquito were talking together one day, and boasting of their father's crops. Anansi said his father had never had such a crop in his life before; and Mosquito said he was sure his father's was bigger, for one yam they dug was as big as his leg. This tickled Jack Spaniard so much that he laughed till he broke his waist in two. So that's why the Jack Spaniard's waist is so small.

[1] The Jack Spaniard is a fly rather like a wasp.

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THE MAN AND THE DOUKANA TREE.

THERE was once a man and his wife who were very poor, and they had a great many children. The man was very lazy, and would do nothing to help his family. The poor mother did all she could. In the wood close by grew a Doukana tree which was full of fruit. Every day the man went and ate some of the fruit, but never took any home so he ate and he ate till there were only two Doukanas left on the tree. One he

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ate, and left the other. Next day, when he went for that one, he was obliged to climb up the tree to reach it; but when he got up, the Doukana fell down; when he got down, the Doukana jumped up; and so it went on till he was quite tired. Then he asked all the animals that passed by to help him, but they all made some excuse. They all had something to do. The horse has his work to do, or he would have no grass to eat. The donkey brayed. Last came a dog, and the man begged him hard to help him; so the dog said he would. Then the man climbed up the tree, and the Doukana jumped to the ground again, when the dog picked it up, and ran off

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with it. The man was very vexed, and ran after the dog; but it ran all the faster, so that the man could not overtake him. The dog, seeing the man after him, ran to the seashore, and, scratching a hole in the ground, buried himself, all but his nose, which he left sticking out. Soon after the man came up, and seeing the nose, cried out that he had "never seen ground have nose," and catching hold of it, he tugged till he pulled out the dog, when he squeezed him with all his might to make him give up the Doukana. And that's why dogs are so small in their bodies to this day.

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THE EAR OF CORN AND THE TWELVE MEN.[1]

ANANSI said to the king that if he would give him an ear of corn he would bring him twelve strong men. The king gave him the ear of corn, and he went away. At last he got to a house, where he asked for a night's lodging, which was given him. The next morning he got up very early, and threw the ear of corn out of the door to the fowls, and went back

[1] This tale is imperfect at the beginning.

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to bed. When he got up in the morning he looked for his ear of corn, and could not find it anywhere, so he told them he was sure the fowls had eaten it, and he would not be satisfied unless they gave him the best cock they had. So they were obliged to give him the cock, and he went away with it, all day, until night, when he came to another house, and asked again for a night's lodging, which he got; but when they wanted to put the cock into the fowl-house, he said no, the cock must sleep in the pen with the sheep, so they put the cock with the sheep. At midnight he got up, killed the cock, threw it back into the pen, and went back to bed. Next morning when it was time for him to go away, his cock was

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dead, and he would not take anything for it but one of the best sheep; so they gave it to him, and he went off with it all that day, until nightfall, when he got to a village, where he again asked for a night's lodging, which was given to him; and when they wanted to put his sheep with the other sheep, he said no, the sheep must sleep with the cattle; so they put the sheep with the cattle. In the middle of the night he got up and killed the sheep, and went back to bed. Next morning he went for his sheep, which was dead; so he told them they must give him the best heifer for his sheep, and if they would not do so, he would go back and tell the king, who would come and make war

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on them. So, to get rid of him, they were glad to give him the heifer and let him go; and away he went, and walked nearly all day with the heifer. Towards evening he met a funeral, and asked whose it was. One of the men said it was his sister, so he asked the men if they would let him have her; they said no, but after a while, he begged so hard, saying he would give them the heifer, that they consented, and he took the dead body and walked away, carrying it until it was dark, when he came to a large town, where he went to a house and begged hard for a night's lodging for himself and his sister, who was so tired he was obliged to carry her, and they would be thankful if they would let

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them rest there that night. So they let them in, and he asked them to let them sit in the dark, as his sister could not bear the light. So they took them into a room and left them in the dark; and when they were alone, he seated himself on a bench near the table, and put his sister close by his side, with his arm round her to keep her up. Presently they brought them in some supper; one plate he set before his sister and put her hand in it, and the other plate for himself, but he ate out of both plates. When it was time to go to bed, he asked if they would allow his sister to sleep in a room where there were twelve strong men sleeping, for she had fits, and if she had one in the night, they would be

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able to hold her, and would not disturb the rest of the house. So they agreed to this, and he carried her in his arms, because, he said, she was so tired she was asleep, and laid her in a bed; he charged the men not to disturb her, and went himself to sleep in the next room. In the middle of the night he heard the men calling out, for they smelt a horrid smell, and thus tried to wake the woman—first one man gave her a blow, and then another, until all the men had struck her; but Anansi took no notice of the noise. In the morning when he went in for his sister and found her dead, he declared they had killed her, and that he must have the twelve men. To this the townsmen said no,

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not supposing that all the men had killed her; but the men confessed that they had each given her a blow: so he would not be satisfied with less than the twelve, and he carried them off to the king and delivered them up.

THE END.

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